

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

A Very Lively Time Spent There Yesterday.

Council Concludes to Reduce the Mayor's Salary.

Large Number of Serious Accidents Recorded.

Other Matters of More or Less Importance.

A BRISK MEETING.

COUNCIL DECIDES TO REDUCE THE MAYOR'S SALARY.

Our city fathers met at Keller's furniture store at an early hour Wednesday evening to take into consideration what they should do to punish the mayor. After deciding that Alderman Keller should introduce a bill stripping the purchasing power from his honor, and reducing his salary to \$300, they adjourned to meet at the city building. When they filed in Nate Phillips, second lieutenant and the mayor with his coat off were in their seats ready to receive them. "Good evening Mr. Keller, how is the park progressing?" was the mayor's salutation. Keller dropped a little and replied it was quite close in the room and that window had better be opened. At this moment Mr. Holmes rushed in and stated that the democratic candidate for governor was waiting for him down at the Pacific house, and he wanted to say what he had to say and leave. The mayor stated that the city attorney's wishes should be complied with and he could proceed. Mr. Holmes said that the lots on Union avenue had all been purchased by the city on the basis of \$700, the amount paid John Clausen. As for the petition of James Brewster, W. C. James, and others, to abandon the present city charter, he did not think it advisable at present. It would entail upon this city useless elections, and at a time when laboring men were busy and would not have a chance to express themselves at the polls. Alderman Churchill, to whom the citizens' petition was referred, said that he was not ready to report and did not intend to do so. He did not believe that any of the petitioners would kick if we sailed while longer with our present captain and crew. Mr. Vaughan took down the law and read it to the council. He had never read the section of the code which provides, "That upon the petition of fifty legal voters requesting that the question of abandoning our city charter be submitted to the people the council shall immediately direct a special election to be held, at which time such questions shall be decided."

The mayor thought it was his duty to at once issue a proclamation and have the question submitted. But the law says that the council must direct it to be done, then the mayor shall issue his proclamation. After quite a debate it was decided to wait and hear what Mr. Churchill has to say next Saturday evening. After a few minor matters were presented and disposed of, S. S. Keller arose and drew from his pocket an apparently harmless weapon. He solemnly turned it towards Nate Phillips, who simply waved his hand requesting that if the thing was loaded to point it some other way. We expected to see the mayor dodge under the table, but he wasn't frightened a particle. Mr. Keller said in a broken voice: "It is with no slight degree of embarrassment that I rise to address you. The mayor of this city has always been on friendly terms with me until the people of this city called us here to protect their rights. I believe that a dollar saved is as good as a dollar earned. We have already imposed a tax of about 6 percent on the people of Council Bluffs. They are beginning to feel that they had rather starve to death on land in Kansas than be overwhelmed here in this city with taxation. Our mayor has been in the habit of getting 'budge' by purchasing the materials that are required by the several committees. I believe that this commission could and should be saved, and now offer a resolution that the power of making purchases for the city be taken from the mayor and conferred on the chairman of the different committees, who shall not be allowed to charge for their services." Mr. Vaughan arose and said: "Gentlemen, before you take from me this privilege I desire to say a few words. I believe in economy as sincerely as Alderman Keller who proposes to reduce the compensation of the mayor of this city to \$300. He thought that while the council were in the humor they had better pass a resolution that from that hour no member of the city government should be allowed any compensation whatever. They wanted him to attend to the duties of mayor of this city for \$300 and rent and to furnish his own office. The city of Omaha that does not make half the pretensions that we do pay their mayor \$1,000 per year and furnish him a first class office."

Mayor Vaughan did not see why it was now proposed to rob him. May or James and every other mayor since we have been a city had done the purchasing. To be sure there was no very large bank account derived from this source, but he believed that it put him in a position to save the city a good many dollars. Not long ago he made a purchase of a man out in the country who had a quarry. He met him and he said he was mayor of Council Bluffs, and by virtue of the office he was compelled to do the purchasing for the city, and asked how much per perch he would take for his stone. "Perch," said the man, "what do you mean?" "Why," said the mayor, "I mean how much do you want a perch in measure?" "Well, I do declare," said the seller, "blamed if I know how much a perch is." The mayor said "suppose we call it

25 feet!" The mayor, calculating the measure, continued: "A perch is 16 feet, and I got 25 feet, and for this act alone this power should not be taken from me."

It may be remarked that section 2050 of the code defines a perch of stone as measuring 25 cubic feet, and we recommend to the city council to have the stone measured and allow the man from whom the same was purchased the full measure.

After the mayor subsided the question on the original motion was taken up and Mr. Keller's resolution carried, with Alderman Phillips dissenting. Mr. Vaughan presented a communication from Thomas L. Kimball, which in substance read as follows:

I have fully investigated the matter of hacks calling for passengers at the Union Pacific depot, and find that Mr. Starr is not an employee of this company but of Messrs. Markel & Swob. I find that Mr. Starr did nothing wrong but was merely assisting depot policemen in carrying out the rules of the company. Mr. Boyd was on the depot platform and in the waiting rooms soliciting passengers. Mr. Starr told him to get off the platform and he must not do it, and reported matters to Depot Policeman McMullen, who corroborates Mr. Starr's statement. Had Mr. Boyd remained in the proper place for hacks this complaint would not have been made.

The mayor informed the council that he had written to Mr. Kimball to please designate what portion of the U. P. platform was devoted to landing and receiving passengers by hackmen.

Alderman Fonda stated that he had thoroughly investigated the charge. Mr. Boyd had disobeyed the rules to such an extent as to merit all the abuse if any that he received. Mr. Vaughan also had read a communication from Mr. Chapman who has been treating this city to an opera house. He says that he will be in this city in a few days and will be glad to meet all citizens interested in an opera house. N. M. Pusey and Dr. McCune presented a verbal petition to the council asking that they cause to be appointed fifteen extra policemen to serve at the fair grounds during the coming races. Mr. Vaughan asked if Spencer Smith, Horace Everett or Thomas Metcalf were present and ready to report on the Bluffs street grade. Mr. Smith stated that he met the other members of the committee, and they had come to a decision, but it had not been reduced to writing. He wanted to know if the council intended to adopt the report of the citizens' committee when made. Mr. Dawson said they should if it suited the council. Mr. Smith could see no sense in this way of doing business. He recognized the respect due to the present city government, but he could not see any reason in asking the citizens to settle a grade dispute if it was subject to a review by the city council. It was decided by the council to take no further action in the premises until the citizens' committee reported. After transacting other unimportant matters the council adjourned to meet next Saturday night.

AN EXPLANATION

IN REGARD TO THAT MISSING LETTER.

Two articles appeared in The Nonpareil and Globe in regard to the letter left by the German suicide. The first article says that the letter was given to The Bee with the promise that it should be returned. The Globe article says "the letter was given to THE BEE with the solemn promise that it should be returned." The facts of the case are that after the coroner's inquest THE BEE reporter secured the letter from Mr. Paul. We asked him if he wanted it returned. He replied that he did not as there was no name signed to it. At the same time they had better preserve it in case it should be inquired for. We sent the letter to Omaha and wrote THE BEE office in regard to preserving the same. However this letter in some way got misplaced and they never received it. In a week or so Mr. Paul said there was a German woman down at St. Joe who had written asking about the man who had committed suicide. She stated that her husband left home about one year ago saying he was going to kill himself. The world had done him wrong but he had not done wrong by the world. If her statement is true she need only inquire of Morgan the undertaker and he will inform her where the remains of her husband are. There are half a dozen citizens here who examined the handwriting carefully, and could tell at sight whether any writing produced corresponded with that found on the person of the suicide. The same may be said to the young man who has been here hunting for his father. It certainly looks queer that a young man should be around hunting for his father and refuse to make known his name. Had THE BEE at Omaha received the letter sent from here it would have been preserved. They are doing all they can to find it. The trouble all came from their failing to get our letter. We can only say that we are sorry that the coroner ever let a document of so much pretended value go from under his control.

ACCIDENTS

THE UNUSUAL NUMBER OF THEM THAT OCCURRED YESTERDAY.

A series of accidents occurred in this city yesterday during the parade of the circus. A team belonging to a man from Neola named Mike Menahan took fright and made a sudden turn, upsetting the wagon. Mr. Menahan, wife and daughter. Mr. Menahan and his wife both received very severe injuries. The little girl escaped unhurt. The accident occurred at the corner of Broadway and Bancroft streets. The wagon was considerably smashed. Mr. Menahan was carried into Sullivan & Fitzgerald's grocery store, where everything possible was done for him. A little girl named Mammie Caruthers daughter of Mrs. Caruthers, who resides on north Twenty-fifth street was run over and trampled on by Menahan's team. She was standing on Hancock street when the team took fright and knocked her down. She was taken to the boarding house kept by the

Wierich ladies on Bancroft street and Dr. Finney called. It was found she had sustained injuries that might prove fatal. One horse had stepped on her back between the shoulder blades, pushing the blade entirely off and rupturing the ligaments that hold it in position and dislocating the shoulders, besides inflicting internal injuries.

A team containing Mrs. Henry Warren, wife of our deputy clerk, and her daughter, Mrs. Elsie Thompson, was run into by another team on First avenue, north of the square, and overturned. Both ladies were injured. Mrs. Thompson quite seriously, sustaining a fracture of the radius at the wrist joint and a dislocation of the ulna and a cut under the left eye about one inch in length, with more or less contusions of the face.

A man from the country standing near the place where Menahan's team got frightened was thrown violently against the stone curbing on Broadway, receiving a very severe wound on the head about three inches in length, extending to the skull bone. Dr. Finney was called and dressed the wound.

A man named Harper was knocked down by a runaway team yesterday and had his shoulder dislocated. Dr. Finney was called to attend him.

A team belonging to Beck Bros. and in charge of their driver Ben Ritter was run into by a countryman's team on Broadway, in front of Atkins' drug store. Mr. Ritter was thrown from the seat and stunned, and the wagon pretty badly used up.

A very large man drove a very large horse down Broadway at a breakneck pace yesterday. The harness broke and the thills were sticking over the horse's back on either side. Whether he was drunk or whether he really couldn't control the animal we did not learn.

THE BLUFFS IN BRIEF.

There was a smash-up out on the night on the K. C. road Wednesday about 11 o'clock, which resulted in demolishing a car-load of beer. All the beer was spilled on the ground, judging from the condition of a car-load of men that came into Council Bluffs about midnight.

A pipe carried in his pocket by Mr. Noble, proprietor of Noble's hotel on North street, yesterday saved that gentleman the loss of \$100. A pick-pocket struck for the pocketbook with his knife and the blade no doubt struck the pipe and prevented it cutting the pocket out. Mr. Noble felt something and grasping his pocket found a slit in his pantalon leg about eight inches in length directly over the pocket. His pocketbook was in front and his pipe behind it.

The committee to whom was referred the matter of appointment by Chief Field of two extra policemen at Yonkers' park during the firemen's picnic on the 17th reported that they were not legally appointed but recommended that they receive \$3 each for services rendered.

One of the circus horses left the procession in front of the Pacific House and rushed through the crowd toward the bar room. He was secured by an attendant before he had time to do any damage.

There is a large and dangerous hole in the culvert on the Lake road in the vicinity of Roger's brick yard that should be attended to at once before any accident happens.

Mrs. Martin gets \$1,500 for her lots on Union avenue.

The New York Pullman sleeping car belonging to Forepaugh's train, standing on the side track at the Rock Island depot, caught fire yesterday at 4 o'clock from a passing engine and was entirely consumed.

There were no teams put up in Judge James' yard, but quite a number took advantage of Hon. W. H. M. Pusey's absence and hitched in front of his residence.

Judge McKenne, democratic candidate for governor of this state, spoke to a large and intelligent audience from the Pacific house steps last evening. The judge is a very fine talker, of splendid physique, a free trade advocate, and if elected will make a fine looking executive.

The circuit court adjourned to attend the circus at half past one. It will convene again this morning at 9 o'clock.

A WELL DESERVED COMPLIMENT.

To the Editor of The Bee.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, August 24.—While THE BEE is one of the live and energetic institutions of Omaha, of which it may justly be proud, it is no less so of Council Bluffs. The energy, tact and talent of its Council Bluffs representative are making it a household word among our people. This much is due C. F. Adams, who leaves no stone unturned in that direction. Yours,

BLUFFS.

Russian Steps.

Story of an Exile in N. Y. Herald.

"When we were on foot the sufferings we endured were simply indescribable. Imagine what you please you cannot overdo it. Men, women and I might also say children—were quite young girls—were driven along remorselessly by the brutal military guard. Many of us carried chains, the unruly and sometimes the weak and sick ones being fastened to some more docile or stronger fellows, who were expected to prevent them from sulking or hanging back in the one case, or, in the other case, to drag the weak creature on when his or her strength gave out. I was myself chained in this way for 800 miles to an ugly brute, who dragged on my chain by day and often fought for the best place with me when we rested, from whom I was never free, and who sickened me by near contact with his filthy person and vomit-stained clothing. It was like being chained to a rotting corpse. It was more horrible than I can tell you. Again I was given charge of a woman whose strength was fast giving out, and who was failing to keep up with the gang, which was fast floundering through the snow-storm which had been threatening all day, and which had overtaken us between stations. I helped her up and almost carried her along, as painlessly as possible, and what I could to keep her from the blows and oaths of the soldiers. She did not go much further, poor thing,

but went down in the snow and stayed there. We got callous in a measure after a while—suffering and agony were such ever present sights that when we had been months on the road it began to be, even among the best of us, a sorry sight that would rouse even our more than passing attention. I think we were demented part of the way, we became so stupidly indifferent to much that went on. Chained to each other day and night, as many of us were, dragging along bitterly cold, snowy iron links in our numb hands, beating our way along the snow-fields, the roads were sometimes no better, witnessing the agony of the sore, bleeding creatures fastened to us, we came at last to look for his or her death as a blessing and a relief. No one but those condemned to that march can appreciate the force of what I say when I add that it is a wonder that some of these wretches did not fall to and murder each other before they did. I don't say it occurred often, nor was it an open murder, but some terrible scenes were enacted in the depths of those Siberian nights at the stopping-places by the roadside. Not always was death the result of a fight between convicts; it only required a little roughness on the part of his fellow-prisoner or one of our guards to extinguish before morning the life that had been gradually going out day by day.

There are all over Russia so-called 'etaps,' or prison pens, where the gangs put up at night on the way to Siberia. Almost all these gangs concentrate at Kazan, and in the country about Kazan 'etaps' are particularly numerous, and are, from here on, more revoltingly kept than on the early part of the journey. The etap is a large brick or wooden building, surrounded with high walls, and intended only as a sort of human cattle shed for use over night, and therefore it is provided with no comfort or even necessities. Those etaps are scattered over Russia and are as prominently seen in every landscape as are village schools and village steeples through your own New England States. And as in America the frequency of this feature in the land is a badge of the education and civilization of the people, so the Russian etap is a distinguishing badge of the ever-present Russian system of oppressing the people. Externally they are often fine looking buildings—interiorly they are the reverse. They are almost as death dealing as was the famous Black Hole of Calcutta and few prisoners could stand any long confinement there. The etap is under an officer of the army, and the keepers are usually unprincipled drunkards, soldiers serving their time for military offenses, etc. They are a set of cold-blooded scoundrels who persecute the prisoners be they men or women, in every conceivable way. The gang being driven into the yard—which is little better than a hog-pen—the keepers quickly search the prisoners for any little article of food or money that compassionate peasants passing them on the road may have slipped into their hands. These are confiscated by the keepers for their own benefit, and then the prisoners are driven into the awful etap.

This interior is simply a large room provided with narrow boards nailed against the wall one above another, with no floor but the earth, littered with straw in the center or corner. The narrow boards are to sleep on, but the sore and bruised, and often half-frozen prisoners are unable to climb more than to the second tier of bunks, and so the rest lie on the earthen floor. The food given them is generally bread and water—never meat—and sometimes a weak soup made of buckwheat boiled in water. But how nutritious this food is can be learned when it is remembered that the jailers are allowed only three cents a day for the support of the prisoners, and from this sum they steal a heavy percentage. I have known this stealing, when it had gone to great lengths, to be made good by simply not feeding the prisoners that night, sending them on marked 'fed and watered' to the next station, the proceeds of the steal being divided by the jailers. When the cold, unhappy crowd are at last left to themselves in the large room of the etap, they usually lie down at once like tired cattle. They wait for icy shoes to thaw out, that the linen bandages may be removed from wet and raw blistered feet and numb ankles may be chafed. But this must be quickly done or the feet will so swell that shoes cannot be replaced again. At last night comes and all is dark in the prison room."

Onions and Gravy.

A rather seedy looking customer came into a restaurant and said to the proprietor:

"What do you ask for nicely cooked beefsteak, well done with onions?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"And the gravy?"

"Oh, we don't charge anything for the gravy."

"You don't? That's liberal. How much do you charge for the bread?"

"We throw in the bread."

"It is good bread?"

"It is."

"So you throw in bread and gravy?"

"Certainly."

"Then bring me some bread and gravy. It's not healthy to eat meat in summer."

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst, took away the appetite for liquor, made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. official, Chicago, Ill.—[Times. aug15-sept1]

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TONIC BITTERS

50¢ PURELY VEGETABLE \$1.00

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Mothers, Wives, Daughters, Sons, Fathers, Ministers, Teachers, Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics, ALL should be warned against using and introducing into their HOMES Nostrums and Alcoholic Remedies. Have no such prejudice against, or fear of "Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters." They are what they are claimed to be—harmless as milk, and contain only medicinal virtues. Extract of pure vegetables only. They do not belong to that class known as "Cure-Alls," but only profess to reach cases where the disease originates in debilitated frames and impure blood. A perfect Spring and Summer medicine.

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For the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs, use nothing but "WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE." It stands Unrivaled. Thousands testify their health and happiness to it. Price, \$1.25 per bottle. We offer "Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters" with each bottle of "Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure." Write for "Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters" to H. M. WARNER, Rochester, N. Y. 16 to 18 to 19 to 20 to 21 to 22 to 23 to 24 to 25 to 26 to 27 to 28 to 29 to 30 to 31 to 32 to 33 to 34 to 35 to 36 to 37 to 38 to 39 to 40 to 41 to 42 to 43 to 44 to 45 to 46 to 47 to 48 to 49 to 50 to 51 to 52 to 53 to 54 to 55 to 56 to 57 to 58 to 59 to 60 to 61 to 62 to 63 to 64 to 65 to 66 to 67 to 68 to 69 to 70 to 71 to 72 to 73 to 74 to 75 to 76 to 77 to 78 to 79 to 80 to 81 to 82 to 83 to 84 to 85 to 86 to 87 to 88 to 89 to 90 to 91 to 92 to 93 to 94 to 95 to 96 to 97 to 98 to 99 to 100 to 101 to 102 to 103 to 104 to 105 to 106 to 107 to 108 to 109 to 110 to 111 to 112 to 113 to 114 to 115 to 116 to 117 to 118 to 119 to 120 to 121 to 122 to 123 to 124 to 125 to 126 to 127 to 128 to 129 to 130 to 131 to 132 to 133 to 134 to 135 to 136 to 137 to 138 to 139 to 140 to 141 to 142 to 143 to 144 to 145 to 146 to 147 to 148 to 149 to 150 to 151 to 152 to 153 to 154 to 155 to 156 to 157 to 158 to 159 to 160 to 161 to 162 to 163 to 164 to 165 to 166 to 167 to 168 to 169 to 170 to 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